

harrngrove tumblr fliclets by celoica

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Fingering, Child Abuse, Crying, Established Relationship, Hair-pulling, Holding Hands, M/M, Making Love, Marriage Proposal, Multiple Orgasms, Overstimulation, Post-Canon, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Secret Relationship, Semi-Public Sex

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-02-10

Updated: 2021-03-16

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:34:58

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 12

Words: 13,904

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

A collection of prompts and drabbles I've written on Tumblr.

1. Chapter 1

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: So like, prompts? For your porn? Like an entire fic dedicated to billy fingering steve, just showing him the pleasures his fingers can provide. I neeeeeeee billy fingerbanging steve within an inch of his life, whether it be over the countertop in the kitchen, in the bathroom stall at school or late at night in their bed, i just wanna see you work your godly powers on them

“Hargrove.”

“Harrington.”

“Don’t say my name like that.”

“Steve.”

Steve snorted and Billy grinned, ducking his head to press his mouth against his throat, pricks of five o’clock shadow scratching over his lips.

Convincing Steve to skip class was getting easier. Billy didn’t give a fuck what Steve said about Nancy Wheeler; good influence or not, she was a goody two-shoes, and she was annoying when she shot him dirty looks as he coaxed Steve into skipping third period biology in favour of splitting cigarettes in his car and making out behind the bleachers.

Sometimes, when he was lucky enough to catch Steve in a good fucking mood, he could wring more from him.

He was lucky more than not.

Hands on Steve’s hips, Billy squeezed, fingers sliding under the hem of his shirt, nails scratching over the skin at his sides. Steve’s head tipped back, hitting the stall door with a *thunk*. Billy took advantage,

teeth and lips attacking the tender skin of his throat, sucking a mark against his Adam's apple.

Steve moaned. It sounded like Heaven. It always did. Better than Meine or Plant's voice, booming from his stereo while he rolled with Steve across his bed.

Tugging at Steve's belt, Billy leaned back, grin fixed on his face.

Steve cracked one eye open. "You gonna blow me?"

"Nah."

Steve made a face, batting at Billy's hands tugging open his fly. "Then leave my pants alone, asshole."

Leaning in, lips brushing his ear, Billy asked, "You still wet for me, baby?"

Steve paused, swallowing loud enough for Billy to hear. "Maybe," he said, husky and low in that way that it seemed to always get when he was turned on. Billy loved that sound.

Billy tugged down his jeans, cock half-hard already, curving up to Steve's belly. He sucked on his fingers, spat on them when he pulled them away, and pulled Steve close.

He breathed against Billy's ear, arms curled around his shoulders, back arching. He wished he had a mirror. Fucking *presenting* himself to Billy, like this is what he was made for. It'd been that way from the start, when Billy had kissed Steve so hard their lips had bled; it had felt right from the first time.

"C'mon, fucker," Steve said against his ear, breath hot on his skin. He caught Billy's earlobe between his teeth and tugged. "I don't got all day."

"Don't be a bitch." He kicked Steve's feet apart with his leg, free hand curling around his hip. Steve made a noise, kissing below his ear.

He slipped his hand down, over the swell of Steve's ass, dipping between his cheeks with damp fingertips. Pressing his fingers against

his rim, he nudged in to the first knuckle, until Steve made a sharp noise and dropped his head against his shoulder.

It was a gritty slide, too much friction, just on the edge of *too much* that they danced upon too often. Lube was expensive, their hormones a fire that always burned, and Billy didn't have much in the way of patience. Half the time he ended up with his fingers inside Steve, only spit slicking the way, and Steve limping off to practice or class or the next morning, a wicked grin on his face and possessive pride in his heart.

Three fingers in to the second knuckle, Billy fists his hand in Steve's hair and yanks his head to the side, the column of his throat exposed to Billy's hungry mouth, teeth dragging along the his skin, leaving red marks in their wake.

Steve moaned again, thick and guttural, a noise of a trapped animal. Hips canting up, cock rutting up under the loose hem of Billy's shirt to his bare belly, he moaned again, arching back into Billy's fingers.

The bathroom was filled with the sounds of them—mingled heavy breathing, the catch of a groan in Billy's throat, the guttural bite of a whine in Steve's. The shift and arch of clothes rustling. The soft whispers of Steve's name on Billy's lips, kissed into the space of his throat.

Billy kissed him, hard, bit into the softness of his mouth with teeth and tongue. He pressed deeper, until his fingers were pressed hard enough to Steve's prostate to make him shake in his arms, tremors wracking his body, sticky heat smearing across Billy's stomach, sliding into the groves of his hips, along the lines of his abs.

“I’m—*fuck*, I’m gonna—” Steve inhaled sharply, fingers twisting in the strands of Billy's hair hard enough to hurt. “*Billy*.”

Billy swallowed his sounds, fingers working deeper into Steve, fingers spread apart because he knew Steve liked the stretch, liked the edge of being too full in the moment. He thrust, fingers twisting, pressing hard on his prostate, until Steve shook again and whined into his mouth.

He came across Billy's stomach, come painting across his skin, splattering on the inside of his shirt. Billy worked him through it, fingers rocking down, milking him until he shook from *far too much*, a whine that sounded like *stop* against Billy's lips.

"You're so fucking easy," he said against his mouth, pulling his fingers free, shifting Steve's weight against him. Steve said nothing. He breathed against Billy's mouth, a pantomime of a kiss.

Billy leaned him back against the bathroom stall, arm looped around his waist to keep him upright. His chest rose and fell with heavy breaths. Skin flushed a healthy pink, eyes bright with the immediacy of orgasm. He looked *so good*. Billy fought the urge to get on his knees, turn Steve around and spread his ass apart, shove his tongue inside him until he shook through another orgasm.

Billy kissed him instead, slow and sweet, and thought, *I love you, you asshole*. He wouldn't say it. He *couldn't*. Not when Steve hadn't said it first, not when most of their trysts were kept in the backseat of Billy's car and Steve's parents' couch when they weren't home.

One day, maybe, when they were gonna leave this shithole town. Maybe he'd tell him then.

For now, he kissed Steve, soft and sweet, still trembling in the wake of orgasm. It had to be enough for now.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: Steve makes Billy cry (good tears!) during sex for the first time and it becomes a Thing.

“I don’t do *that*,” Billy said, glaring at Steve. He looked ready to wallop him, maybe even throw a kick in for good measure.

Steve paused, hands still gripping Billy’s ass, fingertips dancing on the edge of pressing between. He nodded and kissed Billy until he relaxed under him, hands sliding up to the safety of Billy’s hips.

Steve kept his hands to himself. They kissed and touched like that, rocking into each other until they were both spent. They kissed still after, until Billy complained about needing a cigarette and Steve patiently rolled onto his back to grab him one.

A month later and Billy was doing *that*, Steve’s fingers dug into the softness of his thighs, bottomed out until his hipbones met Billy’s ass, curly hair rasping against his skin. Steve had to keep his stupid thoughts to himself—he was *tight*, Jesus Christ, of course he was, he was fucking him in the ass, but it was *so fucking good*—by pressing his lips to Billy’s shoulder, mouthing up to his throat.

Billy clutched at his shoulders, legs wrapped around his hips, nails biting at Steve’s nape. He clutched in every sense of the word, pulling Steve closer, tighter, *in*. Steve swallowed and kissed beneath Billy’s ear, eyes shut tight to focus on something that wasn’t coming embarrassingly quick.

Billy wasn’t helping. His hips twitched, legs shifting, fingers catching along the knob at the top of Steve’s spine. He moved like he couldn’t help it, like being filled up and fucked out was more than he could handle.

Steve lifted his head, dropping a palm to the soft bed beneath to prop himself up, a question of *can I move and it’s good, right* on his tongue.

Tears gathered at Billy's eyes, round and thick, threatening to well over and spill down his cheeks. Lips parted, mouth damp, he looked at Steve in a way that he couldn't describe. Somewhere between seeing God and the Devil all at once; looking at Steve like he wasn't entirely human.

"I'm sorry," Steve said immediately, voice rusty with disuse. He swallowed around the lump in his throat, hand curled around Billy's thigh to pull out. "Shit, I'm sorry. I'm hurting you."

Legs tightening around Steve's hips, Billy shook his head, hair spilling across the pillow beneath. "It's not that," he said, a croak in his voice. "Just—don't stop. Please don't."

Please. Please don't. Steve swallowed again and nodded, uncertainty swelling in his chest. Billy didn't say please or thank you; he didn't use manners unless he was stringing someone along for something he wanted. He'd never begged during sex. He'd never pleaded for something more or less from Steve.

"Okay," he whispered, and kissed Billy again, slipping his fingers down his thigh, curling around his still-hard cock, stroking and twisting his wrist until Billy squirmed beneath him and asked again *please*.

Steve moved slow, licked the salt off Billy's face and kissed it back into his mouth.

When Billy came, mouth pressed against Steve's, he had tears in his eyes.

Steve had time to unpack it all the next time they had sex like that—and the next, and the next. He didn't have a word for it. There probably even wasn't one for it, because if there were than more people would be into it.

It was easy. Simple. Steve didn't know why he'd found it so hard to figure out in the first place. Maybe it was because everything he'd been led to believe about it was wrong. If it hurt, you cried. If you cried, whoever had their dick in you was a jackass.

Billy cried almost every time.

Steve didn't bring it up. Billy barely wanted to talk about the bruises on his cheek and wrists, the sharp cut through his lip that appeared after he came home late from Steve's. They didn't talk about Billy's mom or the way his dad looked at him when he bothered to show up for one of their games; they didn't talk about a lot, because Billy got pissed enough for the both of them whenever Steve tried.

So he didn't bring it up.

But he did take advantage.

The fit was awkward; the Camaro wasn't made for two almost-grown men to fit comfortably. It definitely wasn't built for the kind of activity they found themselves in.

Holding himself up by the seats, Billy rode Steve, chin dipped, eyes heavy, lip caught between his teeth. Steve's hand palm curled loosely around his cock, thumb slipping over the head with each upward thrust, punching out another fucked-out noise from Billy.

He came like he always did; violent and hard, thighs shaking with the effort to keep himself upright. Steve caught his spunk in his hand and smeared it across his belly, palm flat.

Billy swallowed, lifting his head. Tears collected at the corners of his eyes, like they always did. Steve grinned, breathless, lust gone to his head. Part of him wanted to roll them over, shove himself so deeply into Billy that the lines between their bodies blurred, mark him on the inside with himself. Part of him wanted to make him cry more.

That part, as always, won out.

"C'mon," he murmured thickly, "keep going."

He pressed his hands flat to Steve's chest, shifting his weight onto his knees, fingers spreading. Steve touched the head of his cock; Billy whined, deep in his throat, body clenching up around Steve's cock so tightly his brain went blank, a mist of white noise filling his ears until Billy relaxed.

Steve bit back a groan as Billy moved, raising himself up and shoving down. Steve grabbed at his thighs and scratched at the sensitive skin of his thighs; Billy whined again, high and thin, eyes screwed shut and tears caught in the spider webs of his eyelashes.

The angle changed, and Steve shoved his hips up, until Billy's hands shook where they laid on Steve's chest, until the sounds spilling from his lips were broken and needy, a desperate plea that sounded like angels singing to Steve's ears.

Need burned in Steve's belly. He pushed it to the side, fingers closing tighter around Billy's over-sensitive cock, thumbing at the head until strangled sounds that sounded almost like Steve's name dropped from his mouth.

He came like that, again; Steve's cock buried in him, pressed up tightly to his prostate, fingers stroking around his cock, tears tracking down the slants of his cheeks. A pained noise rattled through his chest, nails digging into Steve's chest, body clenched so tight Steve saw stars and the Aurora Borealis behind his eyes.

Billy's arms quaked, and he collapsed forward with a moan. Steve grabbed his hips, smearing more spunk across his skin, shoving a heel onto the seat for leverage. Face buried in Steve's shoulder, Billy let him fuck into him, hard and fast, breath ragged in the silence of the stilled car.

After, Steve cupped Billy's jaw with a sticky hand and tipped his face up, kissed his eyelids and then his cheeks, and finally his mouth. Useless and boneless, Billy kissed him back, a beat off, fingers curling into his hair, anchoring them close together.

It was probably really weird, Steve could admit, in the same way that being turned on by offbeat things were—but that was fine. As long as they were together, everything would be fine.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: If you have time --- Dustin finding out that Billy and Steve are a t h i n g now. In of course the most awkward way possible. Because it wouldn't be as hilarious otherwise. If this is out of your repertoire and you feel you can't or don't want to write it, than don't sweat it. PS I love your writing!! And you're blog. :)

It's Tuesday night and his mom asks him to go to the store to pick up cat food. Dustin doesn't understand how she forgets—she always does, somehow, despite preening over the cat like it's better than him, her own son—but she always does. So, once a week, he bikes to the nearest corner store and picks up a couple cans of cat food and buys some candy with the change.

He's wandering the aisles, lit up from the flickering florescent lights, gleaming mint green linoleum beneath his feet. For the most part, Dustin's alone. It's after seven, and outside of the bars and restaurants on main street, Hawkins is closed for business for the night.

“What the fuck is *that*?”

Dustin pauses, frowning, hand around a can of Purina.

“What the fuck is what?”

His frown deepens.

“Dude,” Steve says, and he sounds entirely exhausted, like this is a conversation that he's had with *Billy fucking Hargrove* before, “I'm not putting that in my ass.”

Dustin's eyes go wide, head whipping around to peek through the shelves. He can see Steve and Billy standing next to each other, obscured by canned goods.

“You're the one always complaining about it getting dry,” Billy says,

picking something off the shelf and handing it to Steve. He claps him on the back, grinning. “This won’t get dry.”

“I’m still not putting it in my ass.”

“It’s not gonna hurt you.”

“My mom *cooks* with that.”

“Be adventurous, Harrington.”

Steve gives him a sour look, putting whatever is in his hand back on the shelf. “I’m dating you, aren’t I?” he says, dry as sawdust.

Dustin watches as Billy looks around, blond hair swishing, and then leans over, grin on his face. He kisses Steve. Steve kisses him back.

Dustin drops the can of cat food. It hits the floor with a *thunk*.

Billy and Steve jerk apart, eyes wild, heads turning to the shelf Dustin is hiding behind. Steve squints while Billy glares, and all Dustin can do is stare.

“*Dustin?*” Steve says, and his voice is a squeak. Dustin’s never heard his voice like that before.

Dustin bolts.

He peddles hard, sweat dripping down his brow, soaking the collar of his T-shirt. Mind reeling, he focuses on getting home as fast as possible. His mom will be pissed, sure, because the cat still needs food, but all Dustin wants to do is hide in his room until his brain doesn’t feel so much like scrambled eggs.

The roar of the Camaro shakes him from his focus. Dustin slams on the brakes, heart thumping so hard in his chest it feels like it’s trying to climb out of his throat, and jerks around.

He’s been here before. Billy tried to run them over in the most fucked up game of chicken he’d ever been part of. Max had told them after what he’d done.

Survival kicks in and Dustin struggles off his bike and dives into the ditch, covering his head with his hands, wondering if this is how he dies.

He stays like that until fingers tap him on the shoulder. He peeks out from his hands and squints.

Steve is frowning at him, concern glinting in his eyes. “Dustin,” he says, and he sounds so *worried* that Dustin feels betrayal leaking into his throat.

“Fuck you,” he says, and shoves Steve’s hand off his shoulder, rolling onto his back and sitting up. He glares, sharp and angry. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Steve winces. “It’s not—”

“What it seems?”

Steve presses his lips into a thin line, knees dropping into the damp grass next to him. “No,” he says and sighs. “It’s exactly what it seems. It’s just—it’s hard to explain.”

“He tried to kill *Lucas*.”

“He didn’t—”

“He tried to kill *you*,” he says, fingers balling into fists.

Steve closes his eyes, pressing his palm flat to his thighs. “It’s complicated, Dustin.”

“How? That’s such bullshit. It’s not complicated. You’re just a traitor!”

Flinching, Steve opens his eyes and looks up. Dustin kind of wants to hit him. “I get why you feel that way. There’s some stuff that you’re just not going to get.”

“Yeah, you’re fucking the enemy.”

Steve doesn’t say anything for a moment. His shoulders drop a notch

and he sighs. “Yeah, I guess I am.”

Dustin sputters, anger bubbling in his throat, betrayal wrapped so tightly around his neck he thinks he might actually choke on it. It feels like the day his dad walked out on him all over again. “That’s it? That’s all you’ve got to say?”

“I know when I fucked up, Dustin,” Steve says, and he stands slowly. “And you’re pissed, and you’ve got a right to be. I’m not gonna try to explain it to you.”

Dustin shoves up onto his knees. “Why the hell not?”

“You don’t want to hear it,” Steve says, stretching out a hand. “We can talk about it tomorrow.”

“We can talk about it now,” Dustin snaps. He feels like he might burst at the seams. He wants to hit something—someone. Maybe Billy fucking Hargrove.

“Dustin.”

“Don’t say my name like that.”

“Dustin,” Steve says again. He drops his hand and steps back. “There’s nothing I can say to make this better.”

Dustin glares, hard and sharp. He’s still mad. *Pissed* and livid. He wishes he were like El and could push Steve back with the force of his emotions. He wishes that Steve had never lied to him in the first place.

“Fine, whatever,” he says and pushes himself up to stand. There are grass stains on his jeans. His mom’s going to be upset about that, too. “Do whatever the fuck you want. I can’t stop you.”

Steve opens his mouth like he’s about to say something. His teeth snap shut, like he thinks better of it. Dustin wants him to speak, to keep going until they’re both yelling. There’s too much fury burning in him, white-hot, and he wants it out.

Steve shakes his head and climbs out of the ditch. Dustin stares,

grinding his molars, and follows a moment later.

Billy fucking Hargrove is standing next to his Camaro, leaning back against the door, cigarette dangling from his lips. Steve leans into the open window, reaching for something in the back seat, and Billy looks directly at Dustin when he sets a hand on Steve's hip.

Dustin wants to punch him all over again.

When Steve leans back, he's clutching a bag in his hand. He touches Billy's hand on his hip, saying something so low that Dustin can't hear, and moves away. He holds out the bag to Dustin and Dustin takes it, dumbly.

"Say hi to your mom, okay? And I'll come by tomorrow. Around noon, okay?" he says. Dustin narrows his eyes but nods.

He looks in the bag when Steve and Billy are gone, motor rumbling as they leave. Three cans of cat food and Twix bar nestled on top.

Angry all over again, he picks up his bike and climbs on.

At least his mom won't be pissed.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: Prompt... ummmm. Billy settles down with Steve both as coworkers (like, working for Hopper or something) and as boyfriends in Hawkins, and no one bats an eye (after Tommy gets his butt judiciously kicked).

They move in together before Billy graduates.

The apartment Steve rents on the main street is small and cramped and paid entirely by himself, but it's home. It's a home because Billy is there, leaving wet towels on the floor and bottle caps on the side tables like there isn't a trashcan a foot away.

He wears Steve's clothes to school. Steve wears Billy's jacket to work, and on the weekends they go grocery shopping and kiss in the alleyway behind Barnaby's, the antique shop with the ugly mannequin in a palm tree-speckled muumuu in the front window.

At night, when Billy's homework is done and Steve gives into the distraction of Billy's lips working across his neck, they make love to Sinatra because Steve is a suck and they fuck to Scorpions and Judas Priest to drown out the moans and save face with the neighbours.

It doesn't work. Steve never expects it to.

Nancy and Jonathan are the easiest to tell, because he didn't have to tell them at all. One day his apartment is filled with only his things, and the next Billy has taken up residence in Jonathan's favourite spot on the couch.

Coat still on, tuque in hand, Jonathan stares, eyes wide and mouth agape. Billy stares back, shirtless and grinning, tongue flicking across the whites of his teeth.

They stare for a long time, eyes locked. Jonathan doesn't move. Billy reaches for the pack of cigarettes on the table. Steve holds his breath.

“Want one?” Billy says, finally, holding out the pack for Jonathan.

“Yeah, sure,” Jonathan says, faint as he reaches over for a cigarette.

It’s quiet, tension lacing around their bodies, fitted on the couch, thigh to thigh. They watch *Hill Street Blues* and eat pizza. When Billy puts his arm around Steve’s shoulder and pulls him close, Nancy cuts them a look, eyes sharp, assessing the way Steve lays a palm over Billy’s thigh and squeezes.

She doesn’t say anything.

When they’re done, and Steve sees them to the door, she takes his hand and whispers, “Are you sure?”

Steve nods and leans down to kiss her cheek. “Yeah.”

“If you’re not, you know I can –”

“I’m sure,” he says and lets go of her hand. “He’s sure, too.”

Lips pressed thin, she nods and leaves.

“I don’t think your weirdos like me very much,” Billy says, stretched out in their bed, thigh thrown over Steve’s leg and nose buried in his neck.

“Did you expect them to?”

“No.” Billy kisses his neck and lifts his head, lips trailing across the cut of Steve’s jaw.

“Do you want them to?”

Billy says nothing for a moment and then nods, kissing Steve’s mouth, a distraction Steve falls into easily. His hands slide down Billy’s back, playing along the knobs of his spine, cupping his ass and pulling him close.

At graduation, Steve is in the front row. When Nancy and Jonathan cross the stage, he claps politely.

When Billy walks across the stage, looking hilariously out of place in his gown and cap, Steve stands and hoots and hollers, clapping his hands until they burn with the impact. Billy's cheeks burn red that have nothing to do with the unseasonably cool day, and after, when everyone stands in the football field taking pictures and talking, Steve pulls him under the bleachers and sucks his cock.

Jonathan and Nancy invite them to dinner at the Italian place on Main. They turn them down and pick up pizza on the way home.

Steve sucks Billy off against the front door, in the shower and—finally—in bed.

Steve fucks Billy, knees on Steve's shoulders, as deep as he can get inside him. He claws at the bed, at Steve's back; the headboard slam up against the wall, and when the neighbours pound fists against the wall in return, they laugh.

“Come get your boy,” Hopper says, terse on the phone.

Steve stumbles out the door, still wearing the sweats he'd fallen asleep in, and climbs into his car. The police station is a short drive, one that Steve barely takes in.

Billy is in one cell, Tommy in the other. Red-cheeked and bloody-lipped, they look worn out and tired. When Billy sees Steve, he has the decency to look guilty. Tommy looks away and stares at the wall.

“You’re an idiot,” Steve says, crossing his arms over his chest.

Billy winces and stands, hands curling loosely around the bars.
“Maybe.”

“You been drinking?”

“Maybe.”

“Those aren’t actual answers.”

“I know.” Billy sighs and cuts a look to Tommy. “He called you a fag.”

Steve's face softens and he steps forward, wrapping a hand around Billy's, thumb stroking over bruised and battered knuckles. "A lot of people do."

"Not to my face."

"Maybe not," Steve says, and ignores the way he can see Tommy's head turn in interest when he leans forward and kisses Billy through the bars. "You're lucky it was Hop, you know."

Billy makes a face, lower lip rolling out in a pout. He's *definitely* been drinking, Steve decides. "He *cuffed* me," he says, like he can't believe that the Chief would do that to a drunken idiot in a fight.

Steve bites down a laugh and slips a hand through the bars. He cups Billy's jaw in his and pulling him close to kiss him again. "That's not the worst thing."

They kiss like that, in the quiet of the bars and cell, until Tommy makes a gagging noise. Steve leans back. Billy slaps his hand on the bars and glares.

"Shut the fuck up," Billy says, just as Steve says, "Try not to choke."

Tommy glares, red-faced and haughty, standing up from his seat on the concrete slab of a bed. "You guys are *sick*."

Billy opens his mouth to say something and Steve pinches his lips together with his fingertips. "It was nice seeing you, Tommy," he says, as Billy turns his glare on Steve. "Tell your mom I say hi."

They leave after that, when Hopper comes to unlock Billy's cell, a stern look on his face as he walks them out the door.

They leave hand in hand.

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

Since October 6th, 2014, same-sex marriage has been legally recognized in the state of Indiana. On October 7th, Steve proposed.

Billy awoke to a pale blue ring box on his pillow and Steve barking out, “You have to marry me.”

He blinked from the box to Steve’s face, hovering over his own. Brain thick with sleep, he turned his head, twisting on his shoulder to squint at the alarm clock. “It’s five AM, Steve.”

When he turned back around, Steve was closer, nose crammed up in Billy’s personal space. His eyes narrowed. “Is that a no?”

“Are we out of coffee? Is that why you’re being aggressive?”

“I’m asking you to marry me and you’re asking about coffee?”

“Oh,” Billy said mildly, “was there a question somewhere in there?”

Steve leaned back. He sniffed. “Fine,” he said, dramatic as usual, “don’t marry me.”

“You’re being really annoying.”

Steve glared, eyes sharp, brow wrinkled. He brushed the lightening-by-the-year hair off his forehead. Grey streaked his temples. “I’m asking you to marry me, Billy.”

“You told me to marry you,” Billy said with a yawn. He propped up onto his elbow, rubbing sleep from the corners of his eyes. “I thought you didn’t wanna get married.”

“I changed my mind.”

“In a day?”

They'd spent the night celebrating at the gay club they'd frequented Before Children, covered in glitter and confused by the show of mesh and tacky eyeliner.

Billy had thought he'd never have to see pierced nipples poking through see-through shirts again. He'd been wrong.

It had been his idea. If they weren't going to get hitched at city hall like the rest of their friends, they could celebrate with Jägerbombs and grinding on each other like they were still eighteen. Steve had agreed hesitantly, apprehensive enough to change his shirt three times after raiding both their closets, but by the time midnight had rolled around and some twenty-something twink had batted his lashes at them both, he'd been loose, smile so bright it blinded Billy.

Now, the morning after, with glitter still smeared across his skin, he felt worn down and tired. His left knee ached. He was pretty sure he had a hangover.

Old age sucked.

Or maybe that all had something to do with his husband waking him up an hour before the alarm.

His husband, who was currently sitting on the edge of their four-poster bed, pointedly looking away.

His husband, who was absolutely pouting.

"You're pouting."

"You don't want to marry me."

"Uh, I'd like to remind you that I proposed in 1993."

"That was then," Steve said. He still wouldn't look at Billy.

Billy sighed, heavy and tired, pushing the blankets off and scooting to the edge of the bed. Steve glanced at him from the corner of his eye. He set a hand on Steve's bare thigh, fingers inching inward.

"Babe," he said, "we agreed, didn't we?"

They'd agreed on a lot of things. From who did the dishes to whose parents they stayed with on Christmas to who got to name the kids. Thirty years with someone meant compromise, always finding the happy middle ground, and always knowing when to back down from a fight.

Billy had learned the hard way. Too many nights on the couch, too many three day breaks that ended in exhausted I'm sorries and I love you, I didn't mean it and makeup sex. Sometimes the makeup sex had been worth it. Most of the time it hadn't.

They'd agreed on a lot of things, like not getting married because it didn't matter after thirty years, and didn't Maddie and Simon's college funds deserve ten grand over a single day?

"I changed my mind."

"Obviously."

Steve turned another sharp glare on him. Billy felt it all the way to his bones. "If you don't want to marry me, fine. We won't get married."

Billy rubbed his eyes. It was too early for Steve's bullshit. It was always too early for Steve's bullshit. "Do you wanna get married?"

"Obviously," Steve said, dry as the Sahara.

Billy narrowed his eyes. "Fine. We'll get married. Quit your fucking pouting."

"If you don't *want* to get married—"

"Oh, shut the fuck up, Steve," Billy said, bland, reaching behind him for the ring box. "I would've married you a hundred times over by now."

He'd asked, too, and so had Steve, although the first time Steve had been so drunk off his ass that Billy had wondered how he'd managed to even get down on one knee, let alone string together an entire proposal.

The first time had been his eighteenth birthday, when he'd bitten off *fuck, will you marry me* because Steve had been nailing his prostate *just right* . The second time had been the year after that and then the year after that, both of them exchanging words that didn't mean jackshit because they *couldn't* . They wouldn't.

The first pride parade they'd gone to had involved a rather alarming amount of acid and alcohol, and there was a picture framed above the fireplace, beside pictures of blonde-and-pigtailed Maddie and spitting-image-of-Steve Simon, of Billy on one knee, high as a fucking kite, Ring Pop in one hand and Steve's in the other.

Beside that was one of them in Washington in 1993, Steve kissing his cheek, Billy significantly less high. After the march, the exhilaration of the day, they'd gone back to their shitty motel room and made love, and Steve had caught Billy's hands and pressed them into the bed, and said, *I'll marry you one day* .

Billy hadn't believed it then. The world wasn't going to change that fast. Probably not in their lifetime, but maybe one day.

Steve eyed Billy, suspicious. "Then why didn't you ask yesterday?"

"I swear we had a conversation where we said it wouldn't matter."

"We did and it doesn't," Steve said, and if he sounded a little miffed, Billy didn't know *why* . "I just thought...you know. It's legal now. That you'd ask again."

Billy turned the ring box over in his hand, forefinger tapping on the top. "I'm already yours. I've been yours forever. It wouldn't change anything."

"I didn't think it would matter," Steve said, setting a hand on Billy's knee. His fingers pressed into his thigh, thumb stroking over the warm skin. "Maybe it does. I think it matters."

"Then we get married."

"Tomorrow."

Billy blinked. "Seriously?"

“Yeah,” Steve said, mouth twitching up into a smile, so soft and open that Billy wanted to lick it off his lips and taste it on his tongue. “Keep the kids home, go down to city hall, all that.”

“You don’t want a wedding?”

“I’m a little old to be wearing white.”

“You’re a bit of a slut to be wearing white.”

“Hey!” Steve said, laughing. He shoved Billy with his elbow. “Is that a yes?”

Billy bit his lip, glancing at the box in his hand. Whatever lay in it was no doubt expensive and understated, traditional because Steve didn’t know how to be anything but. He set it down on the pillow and slipped to his knees in front of Steve, fingers sliding into the waistband of his sleep pants, leaning forward to press a kiss to his navel.

Steve’s hands slipped into his hair, carding through greying cowlicked curls, pushing them off his forehead. He touched the corners of Billy’s eyes, where little crow’s feet fanned out, creased by too much sun and time. Billy glanced up at him, working the stretchy band of Steve’s pants down his hips. Steve lifted up onto his toes, letting Billy tug them down his thighs.

When he brushed his mouth against the delicate skin of Steve’s inner thigh, he stuttered out a breath and asked again, “Is that a yes?”

Billy grinned against his skin. “Yeah. I’ll marry you.”

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: “I thought about being nice...but that’s not what you really want” paired with spanking.

He saw it in Billy’s body before his face, before his words, before Billy had fallen to his knees in front of him and turned his eyes down, asked *please* like that was something Billy ever did.

It was always there, creeping into the line of his spine, his shoulders, the wrinkle that cut through his brow. Sometimes Steve watched him for a while, let him try to wash it away with bourbon on the weekends, to help him sleep by the end of the month. It was always between them, a brick wall reinforced with iron and steel, gaping wider with each night until they slept on different sides of the bed.

Steve didn’t ask. It was an unspoken rule of theirs—they didn’t ask about the bullshit in the dark, the way Steve couldn’t sleep with the wind howled in a certain way or how Billy had perfect scars on his in the shape of the cherry of a cigarette. Steve took it seriously. Billy had put his fist through the wall so many times before he’d had to for the sake of their security deposit.

So he let it happen. He let the unease drift in. He let Billy get that way, where he was snappish and looking for a fight, doing pushups until he was slick with sweat at three in the morning because he couldn’t sleep.

By the time Billy came to him, he was on the verge of saying something, every time.

Bent over the back of the couch, Billy’s hands were bound, black rope stark against his summer tan and intricately boxtied to his back. A spreader bar sat between his ankles, keeping his legs apart. The position arched his back, highlighted the graceful curve of his spine, the sweat dampening his skin.

Spread out and open, on display. Vulnerable.

Steve knew how it felt.

He reached out, palms resting on Billy's sides. Billy twitched, hips shifting, hunting for a comfortable position. There wasn't one. He slid his hands down, cupping his hips, rubbing his thumbs over the swell of his ass.

"I thought about being nice," Steve murmured, petting over Billy's sides, down the sides of his thighs, circling back to cup his ass, his thumb slipping in, pressing up against his hole, "but that's not what you want, is it?"

His thumb stroked over Billy's hole, against the crinkled flesh, pressing in until he fit the first knuckle inside, slow and easy. Billy's breath hitched in his throat, tightening, holding a beat before going slack. His head hung forward, resting his weight on the back of the couch.

When he didn't answer, Steve pressed his thumb in deeper, free hand curling around Billy's hip, nails cruelly digging into his skin. He waited for a colour. Billy hissed between his teeth, head jerking up, as he whined out, "Yes, yes, whatever you want."

Steve leaned down, peppering kisses across his freckled shoulders, love bites and nips following as he withdrew his thumb, petting over the skin of his ass and thighs, stroking inward to run his knuckles over his balls. Steve kissed the side of his neck, below his ear, and whispered, "Good boy."

The strike was sudden, without warning, and Billy jerked, a yelp breaking from his throat. He twisted, arms straining against the bindings until the skin beneath turned ruddy, and then settled, Steve's fingertips stroked over his skin, soothing. Billy sagged, head tipping forward.

The next hit landed sharply, loudly, an ache spreading across Steve's palm. He grabbed Billy's hip as he jerked forward, head lifting again. He whimpered, broken, and Steve stroked the skin of his hip, his ass, gentle until he settled again. He hit him again, let Billy twitch and strain in his bindings, let him hiss and bite off broken words, until he relaxed, until his body melted into the couch, into Steve's touch, and

then he hit him again.

Steve petted over the rosy skin, hands on each cheek, pulling him open to press play his fingers across Billy's hole, bending down to lick across the flesh, listen to him whine and push back against his face. When he slipped a hand between the couch and Billy, he found his cock, smearing precome across the couch, dripping at the tip when Steve squeezed.

He pulled back, stood straight, wrapping a hand around his own cock, squeezing so tight at the base it bordered on pain. It'd been an hour before this, after undressing Billy carefully and kissing his way across his body. Spread out on their bed, nipples red from the abuse of Steve's tongue, one and then two and then three fingers buried in his ass, opening him open slowly because Billy needed slow.

It'd been an hour of pressing his own dick into the bedding, ignoring himself, ignoring the want.

Licking his lips, he nudged stepped forward, between Billy's legs, nudging his cock against Billy's hole just so Billy could feel him. He groaned, spasming against Steve's cock, hips canting, rocking back against him in an attempt to push him in, deeper.

Steve hit him again. Two quick strikes against his ass, and Billy clenched against him, rutting forward into the couch, hands straining against the rope. He hissed and shouted, shifting on his toes when Steve struck the same spot in a row, back arching and head lifted.

Each slap spread a tingle across Steve's palm and over the back of his neck, riding the edge of palm as he sped up. Hit after hit, until Billy's ass was red, dark crimson where the blood rushed to the surface, imperfect prints in the shape of his hands.

His skin radiated warmth, blood-hot, and when Steve stroked the tender skin with his knuckles, Billy broke apart, and chanted out, *"Please, please, please. Steve, please, I need it. Please."*

After, when Billy had been fucked over the back of the couch, Steve's thrusts hard and deep and slow, screwing his hips against his sore ass with each thrust, and Billy had come, fingers pressing on his prostate

and Steve's mouth on his cock, they curled up on the couch. Billy laid in Steve's arms, on his chest. Steve stroke the skin of his back, paying gentle attention to the slope of his spine where his hips flared. The rope and spreader lay on the floor.

Steve closed his eyes, lips pressed to the crown of Billy's head. "I love you," he murmured into his hair, arm secure over Billy's back. "You're so good. I love you."

Billy said nothing but he turned his head, lips touching Steve's collarbone, and that was enough.

7. Chapter 7

Summary for the Chapter:

here's a prompt if you'd like: steve and billy's first time holding hands!!

It wasn't his first time handcuffed on the side of the road, but that didn't matter when it was Steve's.

Steve Harrington. Golden Boy of Hawkins. King of Nowhere. Prince of Cow Shit and Corn. Cocksucker extraordinaire—and Billy knew that from firsthand experience.

“I want a cigarette,” Billy said, stretching his legs out in front of him.

Steve turned his head, body jerking around to glare at him. “What?”

“Cigarette,” he said, kissing his teeth just because he knew Steve hated the sound. “I want one.”

“*That's* what you're thinking about?”

Billy shook his hands, shackled behind his back, and asked, “What? It's not like I can do anything else.”

“You're *unbelievable*,” Steve muttered, tongue pressed against the corner of his mouth as he shook his head. Disbelief. Irritation. If his hands weren't cuffed too, he'd probably have his fist in Billy's face already.

He deserved it. Kind of. Tommy was a vicious little thing when he wanted to be, and arranging for a fight in the school parking lot after sundown had a Spaghetti Western sort of cadence he didn't think Tommy had been capable of until he'd taken off before the cops had shown up.

If he deserved it, Steve did, too. Steve had been the one to throw the first punch.

Steve shook his head, made a disgusted noise in his throat and looked

away.

Billy grinned, nudging leaning his weight to the side, shoulder bumping into Steve's. "C'mon, sweetheart. It's not that bad. I bet you'll just get a warning."

"My dad's gonna kill me."

"Your dad's in San Diego for the next week."

"He'll kill me from there."

"And what, ground you for a week? Two? Maybe take those shiny keys away?"

He finally turned a glare onto Billy. His left eye was a slit of swelling, blood crusting the corner of his mouth, skin red from the blows. The silver chain he'd nicked off Billy the first time they'd fucked had been yanked in Reed's meaty fist, a red line ringing Steve's neck like a noose.

His fist had kissed Reed's face, broken his nose, knocked out a tooth. Vindicated, he'd landed a kick to Reed's stomach before he'd moved onto the next.

If he was lucky, the fucker's spleen wouldn't rupture. Billy had never been that lucky before.

"You—" Steve closed his eyes, breathed through his nose and let out a distinctly defeated sigh. "You don't know anything Billy. Jesus. What the fuck were we thinking?"

Billy shrugged. The adrenaline had worn off already. The exhilaration for a good fight and twisted fear-excitement that always came before was gone. There was just the calm spring evening, the tender-heat of his bruised face and the itch for a kiss, soft and gentle.

"Are we going to jail?" Steve's voice was barely above a whisper.

"Probably for the night," Billy said, glancing to where cops milled around, scratching their heads like they didn't know what to do with a bunch of kids. Like this wasn't a situation they were used to, what

with all the cow tipping they had to deal with.

The Chief glanced at him, gave him a once over that could rake knives through him, and dismissed him with a tilt of his head, murmuring to the deputy beside him.

When Billy looked back over, Steve's shoulders were trembling, eyes on the tips of his Nikes. His hair slipped into his face, obscuring his eyes, but the hitch of his breath told Billy all he needed to know.

It struck him. Hit him like a train or a plane or Neil's brass knuckles.

He might be a fuck up—always was, always would be—but Steve wasn't. Not delicate or a flower, in need of a tender touch, but someone who had maybe a little bit more to offer than fucking and fighting. Who had parents who were there, sometimes, and loved him in their own little ways. Who had friends and life and a future.

Who had probably never been arrested before.

“Hey, hey,” Billy said, voice dropping, scooting closer to Steve. His knuckles skimmed the pavement as he twisted his wrist, strained his arms and joints to reach over and catch Steve's hand with his fingertips. “It's gonna be fine. Your mom'll come bail you out and you'll get, like, community service or some shit.”

Steve sucked in a breath and tossed his head back, rubbed his face on his shoulder, but he didn't pull away. Billy's finger crept into his palm. Steve moved closer, quiet, and let him. His palm was smooth and warm, unmarred. Billy liked kissed it, laying in bed after sex, lazy and hazy, playing his tongue and lips and teeth across every inch of Steve because Steve let him and Billy wanted to.

Leaning his head against Steve's shoulder, he murmured, “It's gonna be fine. You'll be fine.”

Steve didn't answer. When they finally came, the Chief and two others flanking his sides, they didn't part until hands wrapped around their shoulders and pulled them up. Billy held on as long as he could and, when he couldn't, watched the cop tuck Steve into a cruiser.

Calm, he let the Chief fold him into the back of the car. His

fingertips, still tingling, felt warm all the way to the station.

8. Chapter 8

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: steve and billy in matching sets of lingerie??



He ended up in Nancy's closet, crammed up against her spring formal dress and winter coat, a pink-dotted umbrella digging into his ass while Billy sucked on his tongue somehow.

Somehow. *Somehow*.

He knew there was an order of events that led him there, from fixing his hair in the mirror to grabbing his keys, to being abandoned by Nancy when Jonathan brought out the dope, to Billy finding him in the basement and bullying him into a game of beer pong. He had ended up with his hands on Billy's ass, thumbs pressing into the line of muscle leading into his thigh, *somehow*, but it didn't make sense.

Billy tasted like bad intentions and tequila, mouth wet and slick and sliding across Steve's until he felt weak in the knees and his dick pressed up against his fly, uncomfortable. Aching for it since Billy had taken his hand, cigarette tucked between his lips, and asked to kiss him. Aching for it before, when he'd been pretending like it didn't get his heart twisted into knots when Billy touched him in the showers, had smirked at him at graduation and called him Steve for the first time.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon," Steve mumbled against Billy's mouth. Billy ignored him. He sucked on Steve's lip, bit it until it hurt, and snuck both hands under his shirt, hands possessive across his skin.

"*Billy*," he whined, admitted it to himself and then did it again. The tequila had been hard on his throat but made everything softer, made Billy feel like heaven when he dropped his head to suck a mark into Steve's neck until he whined again, high and reedy, and pushed onto his toes to rock against Billy's thigh, press the line of his dick against harder muscle.

He rode against him, desperate, wanting, and Billy kissed his throat and chin, slanted his lips across Steve's mouth and kissed him like he meant to steal his breath.

When he reached for Billy's belt, Billy twitched, jerked away and broke the kiss with a messy noise. He smacked Steve's hand away

Dazed, Steve blinked. "Uh," he said.

Billy stared at him, cheeks flushed even in the dark, lips slick and red from Steve's stubble. He stared like he was lost and then shook himself, clearing his throat and reaching for the doorknob.

Steve slapped his hand away. "What the fuck?"

"What the fuck *what*?"

"I'm trying to touch your dick," Steve said, like it was obvious, like the way he had been reading to blow in his jeans wasn't enough, "so what the fuck was that?"

Billy scowled, shoved Steve's hand away and opened the door. Light flooded the closet. Steve squinted against the brightness, stepped into the room and marched across the floor, grabbing onto Billy's retreating shoulder and yanked him back.

Billy turned sharply and knocked Steve back three steps with three hard shoves to his chest.

"I'll choke you out if you do that again," he spat, grabbing onto Steve's shoulders, squeezing hard enough to hurt.

Steadying himself, Steve swallowed, chest throbbing. His heart wormed its way into his throat, begging him to back away. He licked his lips and tasted Billy.

"What was that?"

Billy's fingers tightened. Steve winced, nose wrinkling, prying himself away from Billy's grip. "Billy! Christ, what the fuck is wrong with you?"

Hands shaking, Billy let them drop to his sides, fingers curling into his palms. He glared at the floor.

“Nothing,” he bit off, blunt like a wall.

Steve breathed through his nose and closed his eyes, wiped his mouth. He should cut his losses. Tie up this little experiment with a neat little bow and end it here, now. Pretend it didn’t happen. Blame it on the liquor.

When he opened his eyes, Billy was still staring at the floor, shoulders hunched and breathing hard.

“What is it, man? Is it—I mean, it’s not that I’m a dude, right?”

It took so long for him to answer that Steve about leaving twice more. Billy sighed through his nose, rubbed a hand over his face and said, “It’s not that. That’s what I fucking like, alright?”

“Okay. What is it?”

“It’s not...you. It’s me. It’s so fucking me.”

“Are you drunk?”

“What?” Billy jerked his head up, eyes narrowed. “I’m not fucking drunk. It’s just—you won’t get it. It’s nothing. Forget it.”

And he thought about doing it, too. Steve thought about walking out, going home because he felt too old for this already. Nineteen didn’t mean shit until you realized all your friends were still in school. He hadn’t started feeling like the loser who hadn’t gotten into college until after Christmas, when Tommy left for his backpacking adventure with Lane and he’d been left with no one.

And then there’d been Billy, who’d cornered him and poked at him, got him a drink and held his fucking hand until they found somewhere with a locked door to kiss him.

He didn’t feel like a loser when Billy kissed him.

It was like a light switch. He was still Steve fucking Harrington.

He sucked in a breath and crowded in close to Billy, touched his fingers over his bare arm, toying with the hem of his T-shirt. Billy frowned at him, eyes flicking between his face and his fingers.

“What’s so bad, huh?” Steve asked, soft and a little breathless. His dick ached a little, the want there still, heating his blood. “You can tell me. I wanna make you feel good.”

Billy’s eyes narrowed again, burring holes into Steve’s skull like he could see his thoughts.

“It’s not—”

“Not what?”

Billy bit off a curse and, in what Steve would call an impressive display of drama, turned to shove Nancy’s dresser in front of the door. Wood protested on carpet, and he watched with raised eyes as Billy shouldered it across the floor. The lamp vibrated to the edge and Billy pushed it back into place, hands pulling on his belt.

His eyebrows had nowhere to go when Billy shoved down his jeans to his thighs, still sporting a semi beneath satin and lace.

“Well,” Steve said, and blinked, head tilting. “That’s—”

“What?” Billy barked. He looked furious suddenly, a blunt line between his face and what he was wearing. “That’s *what*? ”

“Fine,” Steve breathed, and then grinned, bright. He bit his lip, looked over Billy and took in his fill. “This is fine. I can work with this.”

Billy looked confused, a red flush spread across his throat that probably tasted like embarrassment. Still grinning, Steve pulled off his shirt and let it fall to the floor. “C’mere. I want to touch you.”

He stared, lips parted. Steve quirked a brow, cocked his head, nodded to the bed. “Come on. I’ll make it good. Promise.”

The struggle on Billy’s face was painful to watch. His eyes flicked between Steve and the door, Steve and the bed, the window like he

could throw himself through it and no one would notice. Steve waited, patient, head tilted toward the bed.

Fucking someone in his ex's bed was probably crass, he realized when Billy kicked off his jeans and pressed him into the Nancy's bedspread, but when Billy licked into his mouth and pinned his hands above his head he couldn't find it in himself to care.

They kissed and touched, and Steve petted over Billy's ass, slipped his fingers beneath the elastic of Billy's panties. Billy kissed like a dream, straddling Steve's thigh to grind down against him. When he pulled back there was a damp patch against the black, dick straining underneath too-tight fabric. Steve licked his throat, shoved his shirt up to mouth at Billy's nipple while he petted his dick, stroked over smooth fabric and felt Billy's dick twitch. When he tugged down them down to lick at the head, it was wet. He stroked the shaft, squeezed until a clear drop welled at the tip and dripped over the fat, and then licked that, too.

"Who the fuck have you been doing this with?" Billy asked, grunting and twisting his hands in Steve's hair when Steve sucked him down, tongue tracing the flared tip, the soft give of foreskin.

He pulled off with a pop and grinned. "Tommy."

"Tommy," Billy breathed. He choked on a laugh. "Fucking Tommy."

"Fucking you," Steve said back, fitting his cock back into his mouth, eyes fluttering closed while he swallowed him down. Tasting salt and skin, Steve let the tip touch the back of his tongue, let saliva pool in his mouth and spill from the corners of his stretched lips into the fabric tucked beneath Billy's balls.

Steve cupped them, he rolled them over his fingers, pressed his thumb between them to rub until they tightened up and heat and bitter salt dripped over his tongue and down his throat.

Billy panted, eyes heavy as he tugged Steve up. He cupped his face and kissed him, chased the taste of his own spunk into Steve's mouth and licked it out.

“You freak,” Steve laughed, spreading his thighs over Billy’s chest and kissing the corner of his mouth. He sat up. He rocked down, rode against his abs, squirmed to get the right pressure on his dick.

Billy grinned, wicked, and popped the button of Steve’s jeans. “You like it,” he said, sure, and tugged down Steve’s zipper, diving under denim.

His hand frozen, mouth going slack, eyes wide. Steve swallowed, arousal burning in his belly as Billy’s fingers traced the elastic line, dipped down over downy-soft cotton.

“Fucking really?” he murmured, eyes half-lidded as they dropped to stare at Steve’s crotch. There was little to see, jeans too tight to see much, but Billy still plucked at the edge of the panties, fingers flicking over delicate skin.

Unabashed, Steve smiled, caught his tongue between his teeth. He flashed the kind of smile that always got him what he wanted.

“They always white, sweetheart, or is this just for me?” Billy asked, low, rough, tracing the sensitive skin below Steve’s belly. He scratched his nails across it.

Steve shivered. “You,” he lied, eyes closing. It didn’t feel like lying to play the part. “I wanted to look pretty for you.”

They didn’t talk as Billy turned Steve over, dragged his jeans off and situated him on the bed on his knees, thighs together and chest down. They didn’t talk when Billy pulled the panties down, leaving them tight around his thighs, trapping them close. They didn’t talk as Billy licked him open, spit on his hole to press his fingers inside Steve until he begged, biting the edge of Nancy’s pillow when Billy fed his cock, hot and hard and branding him, inside, slow and sweet, the edge of pain throbbing in Steve’s dick.

He sobbed, muffled, arching into the press of Billy’s dick, each inch riding the edge of too much and not enough. He sobbed, damp against the pillow, when he tried to spread his legs, get a better grip of his dick, and sobbed, louder, when Billy pulled his hands behind his back and held them there, used them to anchor Steve into each

thrust.

Steve came like that, thighs trapped together by white panties, Billy's thighs kissing his ass, desperate fingers rubbing over the head of his own dick.

Moaning when Billy rolled them onto their sides, dick shifting inside. He felt deeper, bigger, like he was taking up too much space. Billy wrapped an arm around his waist and thrust, hard, and Steve let out a gasp, head knocking back into Billy's shoulder.

Billy slapped a hand over his mouth, lips to Steve's ear. Each thrust felt like a brand, a claim. Each thrust was heavy and Steve pressed into them, muffled noises behind Billy's palm.

"Quiet," he breathed against Steve's ear. He punctuated the word with a particularly sharp thrust, hips screwing into Steve in tiny circles that left him choking on his own spit. "You want them to come in and see this? Want Wheeler seeing you like this, huh? Byers? Getting fucked like a whore?"

Steve nodded, frantic, moaning behind Billy's hand. He clutched at his arm, held on for dear life. Billy's hand slipped between his thighs, cupping his half-hard cock, and he choked on his breath, scratched at Billy's skin while Billy played with the head, caught between each jarring thrust and *too much* across his dick.

His body went tight, clenched, and Billy let off just enough to have him relax, just to roll his thumb over the cockhead to get him to moan and tighten up again.

Biting the back of his neck, Billy came, nails digging into Steve's belly. Caught, pinned, Steve whined, eyes screwed shut as he twitched back into the cradle of Billy's hips. He grunted, released his teeth from Steve's neck and stroked his fingers over the nail marks.

Steve closed his eyes, let his head fall, shivering until Billy's breath started to even, fingers slowing over Steve's cock until they just rested there. Billy nuzzled the back of his neck, nosing at his hairline. He kissed the top of Steve's spine.

“Jesus.”

Billy laughed, breathless, and kissed his skin again.

9. Chapter 9

Summary for the Chapter:

In the wreckage of the Mind Flayer, Billy is left half-alive. Steve still visits every day.

They shaved his hair. He would have hated it.

It was growing back now, all dull-gold cowlicks and shorn stubble on the left. He looked ridiculous. Steve had touched it, knotted his fingers through Billy's hair and petted it back from his forehead when it got too long. When it started curling into his eyes near the new year, Steve had pilfered a pair of scissors from the cabinet beside his bed, trimmed it back until it wasn't a complete disaster and saved the scraps because he couldn't bear to throw them away.

Steve couldn't bear to throw anything away. There were boxes in his basement, labelled *Billy's* in Max's scrawl, and Billy's leather jacket tucked away in his closet. His scent had faded from it months ago, mixed up and overpowered by Steve's hairspray and deodorant, faded out by Steve's laundry detergent.

Steve still wore it on cold nights, let himself wake up wrapped around something close enough to Billy.

It was pathetic. He was aware. Nancy and Johnathan had fucked off to New York; Susan had fled with Max once Neil was cold and buried in the ground. Robin had been polite, but the scars on her face hadn't faded as fast as her offer of friendship. One kiss at a pool party didn't make up for Billy Hargrove trying to swallow you whole.

Steve didn't blame them for it. He couldn't blame anyone for anything but himself.

"Maybe stop going, man," Dustin had said to him, eyes bleary and red, a dopey half-smile on his face as he plowed through a bag of cereal. "You just mope after—and it's Billy, you know? He won't give a shit if you're there or not."

And he knew that. He knew that because even the nurses looked at him with pity when he came in. They said *good morning, Steve* with sad eyes and whispered to each other outside Billy's door like he was deaf.

He knew it because Joyce and Hopper had told him as much. Jonathan had made pained faces while Nancy had patted his shoulder and said *it's not your fault, but you should let it go*. Even Max had hugged him, squeezed his middle until it hurt and told him to let it go.

Go. Go, go, go—*God*. To be able to let it go. Steve would cut himself open if it meant letting it go.

He sat next to Billy's bed, hands folded in his lap, jaw clenched. Some days the anger burned so brightly it reached a fever-pitch to rage, blackening the edges of everything inside of him. Blackening the edges of everything he felt. Blackening the edges of what he felt for Billy.

He'd screamed before. Yelled until his voice was hoarse. Cried until he had nothing left to give. Destroyed Billy's room and broke his knuckles by trying to put his fist through bulletproof windows. He'd begged, on his hands and knees, for Billy to wake up and let him go.

He'd done it once, twice, so many times he'd lost count since they'd dug Billy's broken and bloody body from the rubble, took him away until Steve had held a gun with shaking hands to someone's head and demanded to know where he was.

"I can't do this anymore," he ground out, like metal on metal, like his vocal chords had ruptured. It was thick and broken and sad and angry. "I can't do *this anymore*. You won't—you won't wake up and I'm stuck and everyone is leaving me and you *won't wake up*. I just want you to wake up."

Billy said nothing. Did nothing. He never did. His chest rose and fell with the same breaths Steve had memorized for over a year, eyes shut, mouth closed, hooked up to a hundred wires.

Steve curled his fingers into his palms, pressed his lips together until

they hurt and closed his eyes. He counted back from ten, and then twenty, and then breathed through his nose and bit his tongue until he tasted rust.

“I can’t live like this,” he said, tongue sticking in his mouth like taffy. It tasted like hopelessness and blood. He wiped his mouth, looked away and said, “I don’t want to.”

“I tried an—and it’s not enough. It’s not *living*. You’re not even alive,” he bit out, voice twisting ugly and grave, mouth curling up into anger again. “I’m talking to a fucking corpse and expecting it to talk back.”

He stood, kicked his chair back, stepped away from Billy. A week ago he’d been on his knees, begging. Begging for sleep, for a moment’s rest, for Billy’s ghost to stop haunting him. Begging for a moment of peace.

Steve rubbed at his eyes, tear-stung and aching. “Stay out of my dreams,” he muttered. He spoke over his shoulder and felt like more the fool for it. “They feel too real. You feel real and you’re not, and it’s not fair when you’re just so—”

He laughed, hollow, and turned, pressed a knee into Billy’s flimsy mattress.

His knee slipped, pressed snug against Billy’s hip. He was warm and solid, something Steve could put his hands on. He could touch him, flesh and bone, feel his heart beat when he dipped his hand under the collar of his hospital gown. Steve could feel him, the rough stubble, the plushness of his mouth, the curve of his chin and sharp lines of his cheeks.

Crammed up against Billy’s body, he touched him, stroked his knuckles down the side of Billy’s cheek and touched his lips, touched his throat, the spike of his Adam’s apple. Brave, he kissed it, touched his lips to Billy’s jaw, closed his eyes and breathed Billy in.

“I hate you,” Steve whispered, soft, and kissed the high point of Billy’s cheek. His skin was warm, softer than it looked.

Steve stayed like that, crammed up against Billy’s side. He kissed his

cheeks and his jaw, a hairsbreadth from his mouth. He wanted to kiss him. To wake him up like Snow White, be the knight in shining armour when an army of scientists and doctors hadn't been able to in a year and a half. To be the one to prove fairytales with happy endings could still exist.

He kissed the divot in Billy's chin, danced his fingertip up the slope of his nose.

When he kissed Billy's eyelids, one after the other, he felt the twitch and flutter of awakening.

10. Chapter 10

Summary for the Chapter:

Jonathan uncrossed his arms and crossed them again, shook his fingers near his elbows. “Hard not to be when you’re like this.”

“Like what?”

“Fuck off, Billy. You know what. Nance could feel you all the way through New Mexico. She was vibrating all night.”

Billy shrugged and rolled the keys in the palm of his hand. He was itching to get back in the car. “I’m in a bad mood.”

“You feel like you’re going to kill someone.”

Billy smiled, all teeth, and felt something other than deafening rage for the first time in thirty-three hours. “I am.”

Billy drove through the night because his parole wasn’t up for another three months.

He’d been good about it, too, up until that moment. Checking in, pissing in a cup while someone breathed the same air as him, showing up to work even when his boss was being a cunt. It was simple shit. Following the rules wasn’t that hard when he had Steve primed for a promotion across state lines when it was all over.

That was the thing, y’know? Billy would have done anything for Steve. Walk the straight-and-narrow, be a good little once-Christian boy. He could do those things because Steve asked him, sweetly, on his knees with his lips kissing Billy’s cock.

Being good was overrated, he’d decided, halfway to Hawkins when

his hands cramped from how hard he held onto the steering wheel. It was for suckers who didn't understand how the fuck the world worked.

Nice guys didn't finish last but they did get their heads bashed in by backwoods, sister-fucking rednecks who lost at a game of pool a week before their next pay. A little too much alcohol, a little daddy issues, and a swing of a pool cue a few dozen times had left Steve on the ground.

Jonathan met him at the border of Roane County, agitated and shifty, a warm buzzing in the back of Billy's head like he'd drank too much tequila.

"You're jittery," Billy said as he stepped out of the car.

Jonathan uncrossed his arms and crossed them again, shook his fingers near his elbows. "Hard not to be when you're like this."

"Like what?"

"Fuck off, Billy. You know what. Nance could feel you all the way through New Mexico. She was vibrating all night."

Billy shrugged and rolled the keys in the palm of his hand. He was itching to get back in the car. "I'm in a bad mood."

"You feel like you're going to kill someone."

Billy smiled, all teeth, and felt something other than deafening rage for the first time in thirty-three hours. "I am."

In Hell, they'd been bonded.

One moment Billy had been sitting in the passenger seat while the Mind Flayer played car crash victim with his life and the next he had been swallowed whole in a memory. When he woke from it, it was frigid and dark, and a girl with curly hair had been holding his hand.

The next they'd been running for their lives while Harrington and a chick in a matching Scoops uniform had screamed for them to run.

It had been like that until Nancy—of all fucking people, *the Wheeler girl*—had dug her way into Hell with them, arms with a shotgun and a crazed look in her eye. Jonathan had been the icing on the cake, keeping the tear in the world open until they'd dragged their sorry bodies back through to the warmer side.

Robin called what they'd done unspeakable. Billy didn't have a problem speaking about them; the problem was forgetting. There had been gnawing hunger underneath for over three hundred and sixty-five days, and then the hunger had been replaced by a burning chill in their bellies, mouths full of decay and whatever else they could get their hands on and didn't spit out.

Eating the flesh of a demon did things to you, they'd all learned.

It was too sterile.

Billy rubbed at his nose and said, “Give me names” over Steve’s prone body, and watched Jonathan waver while Robin frothed at the mouth for blood.

“Billy, you can’t ki—” She cut herself off, lowered her voice and whispered, “That’s not going to fix this.”

“Won’t it?”

“Steve needs sleep and rest.”

“Then we don’t bring him,” Robin said, bouncing on her toes.

“You can’t—!”

“I can do what I want,” Billy said, and looked down at Steve.

Vibrant purple licked its way over his eye, shadows stretching over to his mouth. They’d had to stitch the side of it, little black knots that would hurt to kiss him.

“Be reasonable, Billy.”

“Steve wouldn’t want this,” Nancy said. She poked an elbow into Jonathan’s side and said, “Tell him! He can’t do this.”

Jonathan crossed his arms again, shifted from foot to foot. Robin raised her eyebrows. “Yeah,” she said, “Tell her how you feel, Jonathan.”

“Don’t read my mind. It’s fucking rude.”

“Rude or not,” she chided, harsh, “I have a point.”

Nancy swiveled to look at Jonathan, mouth open. “You can’t seriously think this is okay.”

Jonathan’s face twisted. He held his hands up. “They could have killed him.”

“You can’t be serious,” she hissed, grabbing his hand and shaking it like she could shake sense back into him.

“Have a lovers’ spat, whatever,” Billy said, and dug his car keys from his pocket. “Come or not, I don’t care. I’m going to deal with this.”

Robin's hands shook too much to finish the job.

They'd been twitching since the moment Billy had knocked on Allan James' house and broken his nose as a greeting. They'd started shaking while Billy dragged him by the ankles into the old Hawkins' lab, strapped him to the table in the derelict hospital wing and broke Allan's hand with a hammer.

Billy sent her out when she started crying.

"I have children," Allan whispered, choking on his own spit.

"I don't care," Billy said, and swung the hammer down again.

There wasn't blood under his nails when he went to the hospital but he might as well have left his blood-soaked shirt on, left his hands unscrubbed and picked clean.

Propped up in bed, hair slicked by water like the suave fucker he pretended to be, Steve still looked small. Tiny. Insignificant. Like the way he could sniff out a life like a bloodhound didn't make a difference or make him special; like death could knock at his door anyway.

Billy stood at the foot of the bed. "You're not allowed to die."

"I wasn't planning on it."

"It was supposed to be a *bachelor party*. In fucking Indiana. That shouldn't kill you."

"It didn't," Steve insisted.

"It almost did."

Steve said nothing. He inspected his nails, the white paint on the walls, the chittering birds outside his window. Someone paged for Doctor Connolly to the nurses station.

Billy wondered if forgiveness was still in Steve's repertoire when

Steve sighed and said, “Is it taken care of?”

Billy breathed through his nose, paused, tasted the blood and dirt of the last five hours in his mouth and asked, “You’re not mad?”

“I’d do the same,” he said, and cleared his throat. “For you. I’d do the same for you. Always.”

11. Chapter 11

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: How about Billy blasting “Pour Some Sugar On Me” outside of Steve’s house to get his attention? Pretty please? 

He was at it again.

Again-again.

It wasn’t as if Steve had expected Billy Hargrove, of all people, to ever talk to him again. Sure, Billy had beat the shit out of him four times in as many years, but that didn’t make them friends. Steve hadn’t spoken a word to him since he’d been nineteen, and Billy had been too busy spitting blood from his mouth to say anything back.

So, no, not friends. It made sense that they weren’t friends. It made sense why Billy hadn’t been knocking on his door all summer.

Steve had been back in Hawkins for almost a month, fresh with a degree he didn’t know how to use and access to his parents’ house while they spent three months island hopping for their thirtieth anniversary. He even had a shiny credit card with his daddy’s name on it. It was like he’d never left.

Except now Billy Hargrove lived next door.

Robin held a hand to her eyes, squinting past the bright afternoon sun. “I think he likes you.”

Steve glanced over the edge of his sunglasses. “That’s gay, Robin.”

“So is he.”

“Wait,” Steve said, tugging his glasses off and pushing himself up on the lounge chair, “what?”

“Look at him,” Robin said, flinging an arm out to where Billy was

pushing a lawnmower. He was stripped to the waist and in jean shorts torn indecently close to his inner thigh. He'd been there for two hours.

Just like the day before, and the day before that. In fact, Steve had seen more of Billy Hargrove in the past three weeks than he'd seen him in high school.

If he wasn't mowing the lawn, he was weeding the garden. Once the garden was plucked to perfection, he was cleaning the pool or washing his car, sweeping specks of dirt off his driveway that blew in when cars drove by. When the sun went down and the cicadas hummed, Steve had caught Billy, naked in the moonlight, diving into the pool and walking shamelessly through his perfectly manicured backyard.

Billy stopped pushing the lawnmower to wipe his brow with the back of his hand. Steve did a poor job of not staring while sweat rolled over the hard planes of his belly and soaked into the edge of his shorts.

“Yeah?”

“He's been peacocking for you all week!”

“If you say that any louder, I'll drown you.”

Robin arched a brow, eyes sharp. “Don't threaten me with a good time. I'll kick your ass, Harrington. Now,” she said, abruptly, and shook her hand in Billy's direction, “what's up with that?”

Steve blew out a breath and caught it in his cheeks. “He must really like his lawn.”

“We're in the middle of a drought and his lawn is green.”

“And that makes him gay?”

“No! It's gay that he's out here trying to get your attention in this heat!”

“Hey, neighbour!”

The lawnmower wasn't rumbling in the background anymore. Def Leppard vibrated through the air loudly, all riffs and rumbles of rock 'n' roll sex. Steve didn't know when it had stopped. He could hear the smirk in Billy's voice. He didn't need to turn and look.

"Hi, Billy," Robin said flatly, arm still stretched out toward him.

"You know I can hear every word you're saying, yeah?"

"Well," Robin said, sharp and loud like she had a point, before deflating to shrug and half-assed grim, "don't listen if you don't like it."

"You're talking really loud. I think everyone can hear you."

"Oh, in that case, do you wanna come over and suck Steve's dic--?"

Steve tipped over into the pool, sunglasses left bobbing where he dove to the bottom. He held his breath until it burned, and then a few moments longer, before swimming up to the surface.

Robin was laughing and holding a beer, sunglasses perched at the tip of her nose. Steve scowled and shoved his hair from his eyes, wiping chlorine violently from his eyes. His eyes burned as he squinted through water for Billy.

Billy wasn't there.

"That wasn't funny."

"Yeah," Robin said, still smiling as she crouched next to the pool and held out the bottle, "it was."

Steve was wrist-deep in hot, soapy water when Billy stepped out into the backyard.

He'd cropped his hair a few days ago, short curls falling across his forehead. Steve had noticed while he'd been taking out the trash. It was hard not to.

His jeans were slung low on his hips, open-flyed and revealing the hard muscle leading beneath his waistband. When he wasn't gardening and walking around naked, Billy was working out; Steve watched him run in the mornings and stretch underneath the big oak in his front yard. He watched him lift weights in the afternoon heat, eyes focused and mouth firm.

It turned him on. Billy had always done that, when Steve was sleep-deprived and horny and younger; thinking of the heat of Billy's breath on his throat, whispering threats so closely into his ear he could feel Billy's stubble against his skin, had left him achingly hard, until he'd bit the edge of his pillow to muffle a moan while he spilled over his fist.

It was just a thing Steve did sometimes. A fucked up, weird, very not-straight thing he did sometimes. Billy wasn't always in the starring role, but they were all like him; tall and thick shouldered and big-handed, standing too close and leaving his belly on fire when they pushed him around.

Steve froze, hands clutching a rag and a plate, watching as Billy turned to look at him.

It had been a nightly ritual. Steve cooked himself dinner, drank a beer in the dead silence of his childhood dining room. He did dishes while he drank something stronger, the low crone of Johnny Cash drifting in from the living room.

Billy stepped out around ten. Sometimes he was naked but most of the time he wasn't. Sometimes he had a drink, sat with his toes dipped in the pool and nursed a few fingers of whiskey by himself. Sometimes he got right to it—shed his clothes, stood beautiful and glinting in the moon, and slipped into the water.

Steve knew Billy knew he was looking.

Never—*not once*—had he looked at Steve.

He looked at him now.

Frozen to the spot, Steve stared as Billy looked him in the eye and

stripped off his jeans. He pushed them off his hips, tugged them down his thighs to his knees to his ankles and stepped free of them. He was golden all over. The trail leading beneath his bellybutton, the thick thatch of hair above his cock was even golden, the soft dusting across the skin of his thighs.

He was beautiful and beautiful and Steve couldn't move. Hopelessly stuck in place, mouth dry and stomach tight, he watched as Billy dropped a hand to stroke over his belly, down the divot of his hip and at the base of his cock.

His beautiful golden fingers curled over his dick. He touched himself gently, cock fattening as he touched himself.

Steve didn't look away. He was hard, skin flushed with desire. He ached like he had when he was a teenager.

Billy smiled, sharp, wicked, and stroked from root to tip, thumbed down foreskin and over the head. Steve wanted to lick it, suck on the head until Billy twitched and begged him to stop.

Billy watched him. He watched him and smiled like he could see through the wood and plaster of the house, like he could see how much Steve *wanted*.

When Billy turned away and dove into the pool, Steve stayed frozen. When Billy sunk under the water, Steve turned away from the window, hot and wanting, and went to shower.

He left the dishes in the sink until morning.

12. Chapter 12

Summary for the Chapter:

Prompt: “What do you mean you got tortured by the RUSSIANS!?” “Umm exactly what I said?”

It was the brutality of it that made Steve pause.

He'd seen some shit. As a kid, he'd seen some things that still gave him nightmares. There'd been a moment where things like giant, hulking demons could take over an entire town, but that had disappeared when he'd been nineteen and all of Hawkins had been flattened. Thousands had died. Hell, his *family* had died. He'd watched half the town disappear in a moment.

He'd watched the government cover it up again. It was easy to squirrel away the truth in the cover of a direct attack by the Russians when the only people alive to know the truth were some kids. El was frightfully powerful, but she wasn't big enough to force the whole world to see.

Nancy had gotten the big moment she'd been daydreaming of forever. The whole world knew who had died that night.

Billy hadn't been one of them. Billy had disappeared long before that night.

But here he was in Schöneberg, stretched out naked on Steve's sheets. His hair was a mess and eyes full of sleep. The late morning light bathed him in gold.

“It was a weird couple years,” Billy said, casually.

“Being tortured by the Russians?”

“Like I said—weird.”

Steve sat up slowly, shoving his hair from his eyes. “That's not weird. That's—that's—”

“*Weird*,” Billy said with a nod.

Steve took a breath and held it, counted back from ten and let it out.
“That’s where you were? Really?”

“Well, I wasn’t in Palm Springs.”

“We didn’t know. You just disappeared that night.”

“Right to Siberia, actually.”

“You hate the cold,” Steve said, instantly.

“I know.”

Quiet slipped around them. Birds chirped outside Steve’s window and the hot, fresh scent of the bakery below him itched at his nose. Billy’s eyes were closed when he said, “Don’t feel guilty.”

“We didn’t even look for you.”

“I tried to kill you that night.”

Steve paused, long and deafening. Billy touched him with a scarred hand. Steve touched him back.

“Because you hated me that much?”

“I was just mad. At everyone, everything. You were just an easy target.”

“My life didn’t change when you died. That makes me worse.”

“Good thing I’m not dead, huh?” he said, and smiled with his beautiful scarred mouth. It was cocky and bright, a devilish slant when he touched his tongue to his canine tooth. “It means you can make it up to me.”